

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,  
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:  
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,  
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see.

Exit.

King. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations, I am fed:  
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:  
It is a peerelesse Kinman. Flourish. Exeunt.

## Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I have  
learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them, then  
mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them  
further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanisht'd.  
Whiles I stood vapt in the wonder of it, came Missives from  
the King, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title  
before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to  
the coming on of time, with haile King that shall be. This  
haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of  
Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of reioycing  
by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay  
it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,  
It is too full o' th' Milke of humane kindnesse,  
To catch the neere way. Thou would'st be great,  
Art not without Ambition, but without  
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,  
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,  
And yet would'st wrongly winne.  
Thould'st haue, great Glamys, that which cries,  
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;  
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,  
Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,  
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,  
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue  
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,  
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme  
To haue thee crown'd withall. Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.  
Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.  
Is not thy Master with him? who, wert so,  
Would haue inform'd for preparation.  
Mess. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming:  
One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Then would make vp his Message.

Lady. Giue him tending,  
He brings great newes. Exit Messenger.  
The Raven himselfe is hoarse,  
That croakes the fatall entrance of Duncan  
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,  
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,  
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full  
Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,  
Stop vp th'access, and passage to Remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene  
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,  
And take my Milke for Gall, you murthering Ministers,  
Where-euer, in your sightlesse substances,  
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,  
And pall thee in the dunneft smoake of Hell,  
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,  
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,  
To cry, hold, hold. Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,  
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,  
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feele now  
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Loue,  
Duncan comes here to Night.  
Lady. And when goes hence?  
Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O neuer,  
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.  
Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men  
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.  
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,  
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,  
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,  
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,  
Giue solely foueraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further.

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:  
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:  
Leaue all the rest to me. Exeunt.

## Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm,  
Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,  
Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,  
The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe  
Vnto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,  
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,  
By his loued Mansforny, that the Heauens breath  
Smells wooingly here: no luty frieze,  
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird  
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,  
Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd  
The ayre is delicate. Enter Lady.

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:  
The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,  
How you shall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,  
And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our seruice,  
In euery point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend  
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,  
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our Houle:  
For those of old, and the late Dignities,  
Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We court him at the heeles, and had a purpose  
To bestow his Puruey or: But he rides well,  
And his great Loue (harpe as his Spurre) hath help him  
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse  
We are your guest to night.

La. Your Seruants euer,  
Haue theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,  
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,  
Still to returne your owne.

King. Giue me your hand: I haue loue him highly,  
Conduct me to mine Host: we loue him highly,  
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.  
By your leave Hostesse. Exeunt.

## Scena Septima.

Ho-boyes. Torches.

Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Service  
Enter the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,  
It were done quickly: If th'Assassination  
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch  
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow  
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,  
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,  
Wee'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Cafes,  
Wee'll haue iudgement heere, that we but reach  
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne  
To plague th'Inuenter. This euen-handed Iustice  
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Chalice  
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;  
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,  
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,  
Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,  
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his Faculties so mecke; hath bin  
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues  
Will pleade like Angels, Trumper-tongu'd against  
The deepe damnation of his taking off:  
And Pity, like a naked New-borne Babe,  
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd  
Vpon the sightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,  
That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre  
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely  
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,  
And falls on th'other. Enter Lady.

How now? What Newes?  
La. He has almost sup: why haue you left the chamber?  
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he has?  
Macb. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:  
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought  
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,  
Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunke,  
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affect'd?  
To be the same in thine owne Aet, and Valour,  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,  
And liue a Coward in thine owne EReemie?  
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,  
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast was't then  
That made you breake this enterprize to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man:  
And to be more then what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They haue made themselves, and that their finesse now  
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know  
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,  
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,  
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummies,  
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne:  
As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?  
Lady. We faile?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And wee'll not fayle: when Duncan is asleepe,  
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney  
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines  
Will I with Wine, and Waffell, so conuince,  
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,  
Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reason  
A Lymbeck onely: when th' Swinish sleepe, or gullie of  
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,  
What cannot you and I performe vpon  
Th'vnguarded Duncan? What not put vpon  
His spongie Officers? who shall beare the guilt  
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:  
For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose  
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,  
When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepeing two  
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,  
That they haue don't?

Lady. Who dares receiue it other,  
As we shall make our Grifes and Clamor rore,  
Vpon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend vp  
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat:  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,  
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know. Exeunt.

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch  
before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?  
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the  
Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue.  
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.  
Banq. Hold, take my Sword:  
There's Husbandry in Heauen,  
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

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